brought forward the new-but in this case the new was not freedom, but despotism.

sot freedom, but despotsm.

Both Revolutions were directed against isolation, and
gainst individual powers in which a multitude of free
xistences had hitherto felt themselves secure. Both
estroyed certain individual forms of life, as for exampic, corporations, classes, provinces, or made them subordinate to the integral political organization, which they first created. In spite of the individual anarchy, which accompanied both revolutions during their progress, and which alone made this progress possible, they both led to the system of concentration, and the enboth sed to the systemmental power, which destroys the power of classes, circles, and provinces. Nothing affords a stronger proof of this tendency of

Nothing affords a stronger proof of this tendency of modern times to despotism, than the tendency which at first sight seems directly opposed to it, and which promises to every individual an unlimited development, and a natifaction of his wants, which no one now dreams of. The mean, the Socialist and Communist direction, which aims to establish in opposition to the pretended unsuccessful issue of the first French Revolution, an entirely new order of freedom—a trædem, which shall present a guarantee against every form of absolutism. The Board for directing Labor, which it is proposed should regulate the distribution of work and enjoyment from its central post, would found a despotim, that leaves every existing form of absolutism far in the background. There has never yet been a Utopla, which in its extravagances did not capy the actual evils to which it fancied itself in the most direct opposition.

The world is now ruled by rigid, iron, far-reaching laws. The interests of corporations, classes and provinces, are too small and weak to occupy the energies of men and sill their ambition. The law of labor and exchange of the products of labor bears down all individual efforts. The struggle for political freedom, for the independence of provinces and States cannot be earnestly pursued in the combat of labor, of material gain, of getting aliving. Before the mighty continuous and arrangements, which these latter interests create, the independence of findividual political circles cannot be maintained. The desires and purposes of individuals, both of men and of States, will be crushed or fall to pieces under the despotism of that law, which forces the labor of the world into one whole, one system.

The revolution of '4s was a revolution of weakness—it arose from the Teeling of dissatiafaction, which had been awakened by the weakness of the civil organization, and created nothing—the machine was always in action, but it had nothing in it, and of course nothing was produced. This unfrutful and merely apparent motion at la dern times to despotism, than the tendency which at

of provinces and classes, and colored toos.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the same tendency to centralization and to the destruction of individual freedom and independence. All great industrial establishments make it impossible for a small capital to sustain itself in its isolated independence—he who could once gain a fair independence with a small capital, must now become an official or a workman in a large establishment or be will be degraded into a proletary.

Machinery has usurped universal dominion. It makes

Ishment or be will be degraded into a proletary.

Machinery has neurped universal dominion. It makes every thing equal—demands the obedience of all—it is the despot of the master, of the capitalist, of the workman, as well as of those who make use of it, (on railroads, for instance.) It dictates the law, to which every one who approaches it must unconditionally submit.

All great enterprizes like rail roads, which depend on a great concentration of capital, and consequently on association must be placed under a strong authority, that is, under an independently acting B and of Directors. Capital has taken possession of freedom,—it can turn taself, combine itself, as it pleases—it must concentrate itself in order to become profitable; but as soon as it has concentrated itself, it becomes a tyrant and founds an absolute despotium.

and founds an absolute despotism.

Machinery in England represents a labor-power of from three to four hundred millions of men—what are the few millions of human laborers but a part of the machinery—and a part which has not the intelligence, the efficiency, nor the indefatigableness of the machinery—

The English language calls a machine by the right

ame (eighte), for in fact genius has become metal,— machine,—and on the other hand, the machine, the setal has become genius, intelligence.

The monstrous forces of machinery in which genius has created for itself a brazen body cannot be compe-ted with by the workman—he succumbs to the mon-strous capital which combines the power of gold, of nature, and of intelligence, in machinery—he must be-come the bond slave of him who fastens him to the

machine.

Even nations are field to machinery—they are dependent on it—for they must produce—and in order to produce they must appeal to the sid of machinery.

Machinery controls Governments—for these have now no higher functions than to provide for extending now no higher functions than to protector executing the power of machinery, and to preserve its development from lojurious restrictions. Machinery controls the aristocracy, for this must swall itself of the aid of machinery, or it loses in efficiency and importance. It controls science, for the system of a machine has shown their more practical and profitable than all philosophical systems put together. It has placed Art in the backcal systems put together. It has placed Art in the back-ground, for the mysterious organization of a machine ore admiration, produces deeper emotion than the architecture of a building or the compo-sition of a tragedy. In short, machinery has subju-gated everything to itself,—it is the sole autocrat of gated everything to itself,—it is the sole autocrat of society.

Thus does the machinery of the whole civilized world

coperate in the work of universal levelling—forming the separate; copies into a uniformly organized and dis-ciplined mass—combining all nations into a complete,

riplined mass—comotons, anited, solidary whole. This despotism must be recognized without complaint the despotism must be recognized without complaint This despotism must be recognized without complaint or bitterness. The service which it will accomplish for the feature condition of society will be pointed out in subsequent articles.

BRUNG BAUER.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MON-ARCHY IN FRANCE By ALFHONSE DE LAMARTINE Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 499. Harper & Brothers.

This volume is devoted to the career of Napoleon during the eventful period from his landing at Elba to his defeat at Waterloo. Crowded with momentous incidents, the narrative exhibits a life-like panorama of the closing scenes in the great European struggle of 1815. They have been depicted with a sad and somber coloring, in perfect harmony with the occasion, by the vivid pencil of Lamartine. He is no admirer of Napoleon. He is not blinded by the glory of the conqueror to the defects of his character. He looks upon his course not as a noble combat for popular freedom, but as an unworthy struggle for personal aggrandizement. Still, he contemplates his boundless energy, his fertility of resource, his inventive military genius, and his audacious contempt of political precedent. not without a feeling of wonder and sympathy. Hence the narrative is little tipctured with a spirit of partizanship. Few writers have treated the history of the Emperor with so much impartiality. Apart from the principal figure which the volume is designed to illustrate, it derives an additional interest from the admirable sketches with which it abounds, of the personages whom fortune or genius had connected with the fate of Napoleon. We select for example the following

PORTRAITURE OF TALLEYRAND.

At this period M, de Talleyrand had reached that age when the mind, inured to the transaction of weighty affairs, still processes all its vigor, and when years bestow upon man all their au hority and past experience. He had attained his sixty-second year, and bore his age lightly, his name proudly. The disdain, without superclicousness, which he showed for the prejudices of the vulgar, prevented him from binshing at the contradictions which public opinion might note or stigmatise in his acts. He made a show of the past with much assurance, to describe other of the temperation of reproaching PORTRAFFURE OF TALLEYRAND. tions which public opinion might note or stigmatise in his acts. He made a show of the past with much assurance, to deprive others of the tempation of repreaching him with it. He took the attitude of a man who does not give himself up to any Government entirely to be honored and aggrandized by it, but who honors and makes great whatever Government he consents to serve, and rains when he abandons it. A reflection of the grandeur and absolute power of the Empire still shone upon him, and it might be thought that in him was seen by turns the good and evil genius of Napoheon. These men from the north and south assembled at the Congress of Vienna in his presence, looked with respect upon this remnant of an empire in ruins, taking precedence of and giving coussel to ancient monarchies. The unconcern of his demeanor, the freedom of his mind, the case of his manner in transacting the weightlest affairs, the attraction of his countenases, the simplicity veiling the sublety, the grace of his bearing, the deep meaning of his words, the frequent silence creating the desire to hear him speak, the almost regal elegance of his life, the taste for art, the exquisite literature, the aphenic and the constant of his production, the terransaction with nations among whom regard the pairit and imitation of the French. All this contributed at Vienna to make of M. de Talleyrand the arbiter, at ence, of politics and elegances. nee, of politics and elegances.

Prime minister and ambassider at the same time, he

had chaiked out to himself bis own intentious, which were submitted to Louis XVIII. before he quitzed Paris. This prince loved him but little, but he feared him. The men who has given a crown to his mester is an importunate servant. But although the heart of Louis XVIII. was prejudiced at an early period against M. de Taiteyrand, the mind of the King and that of the minister understood and admired each other involuntarily in the midst of their susceptibility and distrust. They were of the same nature, and almost of the same atamp of mind; both one and the other deeply imbaed with the aristocratical spirit, though with the revolutionary in dulgence, and the philosophical complicity of the eighteenth century; both masking with case and grace a powerful selfishness, both seeking to please, but in order to domineer. Both were lettered men, proud of understanding each other above the vulgar herd, but fearing each other at close quarters; the King, lest he should be obscured by the wit of the minister, and the minister, leat he should be humbled by the authority of the King.

At a distance these two rivalships clashed less. A

minister, lest he should be humbled by the authority of the King.

At a distance these two rivalships clashed less. A mutual desire of pleasing and surprising each other made their correspondence assiduous, familiar, and an ecdotical. The King loved writing, because he excelled in those light and concise letters, where wit appears in glimpses, but shuns the eye of scrutiny. M. de Talleyrand lent himself with studied complaisance to the King's taste. As idle with the hand as he was active in his mind, having laid down a rule never to write his own dispatches, that he might be a better judge of the work of another hand, he left his secretaries and confidants, above all M. de Besnadiere, to draw up all the official documents, and all the correspondence with the ministers at Paris. He reserved to himself the confidential letters to the King, which were full of portraits, of characters, and of anecdotes of the princes and plenipotentiaries of the congress; a secret journal of all the characters, and of anecdotes of the princes and pleni-potentiaries of the congress; a secret journal of all the ceurts of Europe, wherein the private life of the sov-ereigns held a more prominent place than the negocia-tions. Louis XVIII. thus witnessed, through the eyes and understanding of one of the most intelligent and most penetrating men in Europe, the acts, the intrigues, the pleasures and even the amours of this assembly of

In a different style is the description of the gay

dashing cavalier MURAT.

Murat was the son of a simple farmer, who kept a country innext La Bastide, a stragging village in the south of France, fronting the Pyrenees; the inhabitants of whose valleys, strong, intelligent and adventurous, possess almost the chivalrous genius of Spain, and recall even among the peasantry the pleteian nobleness and intrepedity of blood of Henri IV. There are in the south of Europe especially, as there are in Spain, in Scotland, and in the East, tribes of people among whom nobility is found in every rank; where even the mendicant feels the dignity of blood, because he has within him the pride of soul. The young Joachim Murat belonged to one of these tribes. As a child, and as a shepherd, he was strengthened by the rural habits, and by the rough agricultural labors of his family; serving by turns, like his brothers, in the fields, or in his father's auberge. He was passionately fond of horses, which, like those of Andalusia and Arabia, are reared by the peasants of the district, breaking them in his father's cuberge. He was passionately fond of horses, which, like those of Andalusia and Arabia, are reared by the peasants of the district, breaking them in with skill, and grooming with his childish hands, when occasion required it, those belonging to the travelers, chance visitors in the stables of his father; occupations which imbued him at an early age with the tastes and habits of a cavailer. His family, though rustic, being in easy circumstances, procured him in the viliage and in the small neighboring town of Cahors, the instruction that was suited to a child who was detined either for the priesthood, or one of the professions at that time accessible to young men of his condition. His lively and flexible intellect accommodated itself as readily to these mental exercises, as his body did to the labors of the neids, or the dangers of the camp. His figure was tall and slim, and his neck easy and slender, his large well shaped for the saddle, his feet well formed for clambering up the steep ascens of the mountains. His countenance was open and beaming, his eyes blue, his nose aquiline, his tips smilling, his the moments. The contentation is a special occurring, his cycle blue, his nose aquiline, his his smiling, his color fresh, his hair chesnut, long and silky, curling naturally, and waving over his cheeks, or flowing down his shoulders in the manner of the Basques, all struck his shoulders in the manner of the basques, as a state of the eye and won the heart. There was something beroic stamped by the hand of nature on the outward appearance of this young man, which foretoid something singular in his destiny. His mother and his brothers believed in it; while his sensitive heart, obliging and kind to all, won him the love of his comrades and turned with a love.

kind to all, won him the love of his comrades and turned aside all cavy.

His passion for horses and arms very soon won the son of Murat from the sace dotal vocation to which his family had destined him in spite of nature. The sanctuary, with the idle and sedentary life of a priest, could not satisfy his fire and energy; and in 1267, when only fifteen years of age, he entisted, contrary to the wishes of his parents, in the 12th regiment of light dragoons. Europe being then at peace, he bore for five years, without impatience or disguet, the life of a private soldier, for which his arms and his horse consoled him. The war of 1792 summoned his regiment to the frontiers, and gave an opportunity for displaying the bravery and aptitude of the young soldier. In the course of the view passed through the ranks of corporal The war of \$122 summoned his regiment to the frontiers, and gave on opportunity for displaying the bravery and aptitude of the young soldier. In the course of twelve months he passed through the ranks of corporal and troop quartermaster, and at the end of the year he was made a commissioned officer. The emigration having left the ranks fros, and officers' commissions vacant in abundance, he became a captain in 1783, and in a few succeeding years he was elevated by one exploit after another, to the rank of Brigadier General. Napoleor, who distinguished him everywhere in the first Indian campaign, appointed him his aid-de-camp at Milan, and repaid in friendship all the admiration and devotion evinced for him by young Murat. He attached him to his fortunes, conducted him to Egypt, witnessed his cavalry charges against the Mamelukes, felt how the electric spork of his vaior inspired his troops, and recognising in him the bus yancy and eathuslasm of the army; he brought bim back to France, when he returned to dazzle and en-lavo the directory, and confided to him the part of audacity and armed intervention at St. Cloud on the 18th Brumaire. It is known how Murat, being left by Bonaparte with his grenadiers at the door of the Orangery, while he went to address and dissolve the Council of Five Hundred, received into his arms the same Binaparte, repulsed, disconcerted, and almost the same B maparte, repulsed, disconcerted, and almost fainting; put him on horseback, aroused his courage, inspired his soldiers, covered his confusion, retrieved his defeat, and crowned his fortunes and his crime by his defeat, and crowned his fortunes and his crime by dispersing with his bayonets the unarmed representatives of the nation. From that day forward the grateful Bonaparte beheld in Murat a counterpart of himself, and resolved, from feeling as well as from policy, to attach to him this companion in arms, who attracted good fortune everywhere to his designs. These two warriors mingled their lives tegether, to double as it were their force by mutual attachment. Murat was appointed commander or the guard of the Consul; but ambition was not a tie sufficiently strong to bind him to the fortunes of his friend, now become chief of the Rethe fortunes of his friend, now become chief of the IL public; love drew still closer heart to heart, and blood to blood; for the young officer was in love with one of his General's sisters, Caroline Bonaparto. She was scarcely in the prime of youth, of a beauty less Grocian scarcely in the prime of youth, of a beauty less Grectan and classic, in the eyes of statuaries, than that which distinguished the Princess Pauline Borghese, but more gracefully attractive, of a more lofty soul, a more cultivated intellect, and a more royal ambition. Murat trembled to ask her in marriage, in the apprehension of a refusal grounded upon his humble birth and want of fortune; but Bonaparte, counting his bravery for riches and his own favor for blood, offered her to him. Murat, the most enamored and the most happy of men, gave his heart to the sister, and to the brother his gratitude and devotion. Thenceforward the two families were mingled like their two destinies.

In charging he never used a sabre, nor even a sms sword; the only weapon he wore on horseback was a Roman blade, broad and short, useless in attack or de-fense, against the long blades of the enemy's cavality. This blade, with a hilt of mother of pearl, artistically intheir four children; he never drew this weapon from the scabbard but once, in a moment of great danger, and then not to strike with, but to animate his escort to charge with him a cloud of cavairy by which he was surrounded. He said to the Count de Mosbourg, his friend and minister, who had administered his finances with talent and fidelity worthy of a greator empire, and whom he remembered with the disinterestedness and aderation of friendship: "My sweetest consolation, when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never sea as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never sea as a man fail dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the equadrous, some pistol shots fired at random may have their four children; he never drew this weapon from charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the equadrons, some pixel shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy, but I have know a nothing of the matter; if a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb." Senability of heart is thus allied, in the modern warrior, with the impetuently of courage. He craves for victory in the mass, but the details of carnage excite his horror and his pity. This passion for military splender, which exposed the life of Murat to the blows of the enemy, was part of the charm by which he led on his soldiers. His costume was a portion of his character, with which he courted popularity in the camp. Splendor was for him the image of glory. A native of the south, he loved, like the Cid, Spanish pourp, showy steeds, arms of precious work-

larity in the camp. Splendor was a random larity in the camp. Splendor was a random larity of the south, he loved, like the Cld. Spanish pomp, showy steeds, arms of precious work-manship, and the rich and highly colored dresses of the Arabs. His uniform was never anything but the daziling caprice of his imsgination; he generally wore books of red morocco, with large folds falling over the instep, ornamented with golds spurs; white pantaloons, fitting close, and displaying the manly beauty of his limbs; a brocaded vest, a short tunic fitting close to the waist, trimmed with fur, and garnished with gold lace; a high crowned hat, like that of the attendants of Francis I, adorned with two or three plames of feathers, and an a high crowned hat, like that of the attendants of Francis I., adorned with two or three planes of feathers, and an egret, floating and sparkling in the air. A theatrical hero in appearance, but readily pardoned for his warlike estentation, because it was surpassed by his bravery, and that the scene of his display was always in the midst of fire and carnage. Napoleon sometimes smiled with his lieutenants at this somewhat puerile display of his brother-in-law; but he was pleased even with this excess, because it contrasted so well with his simplicity—another species of charm with which he also struck the eyes of the soldiers.

The close of the volume is occupied with an account of the battle of Waterloo and its political consequences. This is related with great copiousness of detail and power of description. We recommend it to our renders as one of the finest passages in modern history.

ZEPHYRS FROM ITALY AND SICI-LY," by WILLIAM A. GOULD. (12mo, pp. 336. D. Apple ton & Co.) Seldom does the title of a volume afford a more correct indication of its contents than that of the present work. It is literally a mild, gentle zephyr from an aromatic clime, without substance or strength. Why such soft preathings of affected sentimentality should be put in print, is a problem entirely beyond our power to solve. As a record of travels, the volume is almost entirely worthless. The tour, on which it is founded, was made nearly six years ago, and the principal objects which it describes, have been set forth so often as to satiate the most greedy curiosity. The repetition of well-known Italian scenes could scarcely avoid being wearisome, even if the patience of the reader were be guiled by the deintiest charms of expression, or the electric influence of original thought. But here the topics are common place, the reflections insipid, and the style only a vile specimen of the most wretched taste. The poverty of thought and incident everywhere betrayed in the volume is not concealed, but in fact, placed in a clearer light, by the grandiloquent tone of the writing. Such shabby descriptions cannot be disguised by any patches of tawdry and finical finery. The author explodes in heroics on the most trifling occasions. The first vessel which he met at sea, calls forth one of his grandest bursts:

A noble ship soon burst upon our view; she proved to be the "Arcole," from the shores of France, pressing with all her studding cauvas for America's commercial haven. From her gaff wared the "banner of the free," pure and beautiful as a virgin's robe, glistening with silver light, and radiant with the smiling effulgence of heaven upon its stars!

The return of good weather after a squall is celebrated

with equal sublimity : The ocean returned to its allegiance, the clouds as The ocean returned to its allegiance, the clouds assumed their gorgeous robes, and, like courtiers, again repaired to attend upon their sovereign, and to surround him with glory and magnificence; while the winds, those swift couriers of his court, gracefully waved their aërial pinions around his burning throne. Land-birds from classic shores hovered around our bark, and innocently chirped from rope to rope and sail to sail. One, more venturesome than the rest, alighted upon the versadah, and fed upon a few crambs scattered for his acceptance. His confiding look and delicate plumage tuspired us with pleasure, and we halled it as hope's first harblinger from another clime.

The first view of the "Montagne Ropanarte." at Mar-

The first view of the "Montagne Bonaparte," at Mar-

The first view of the "Montagne Bonaparte," at Marseilles, inspires a fresh ecstacy:

I felt as though I was surrounded by a diorama of
glory. Reposing before me was the ancient City of
Marseilles, with its time-worn walls and towers, full of
imposing interest and memorable reministeences. Two
thousand years had indeed rolled away since its colonial
foundations were laid, yet, amid the lapse of ages and
the shock of arms, they still endured as the gray memorials of departed generations.

At my side rolled the blue billows of the Gulfof Lyens,
with its niumes of snowy foam, waying like the feathers

At my side rolled the blue billows of the Gulfot Lyens, with its plumes of snowy foam, waving like the feathers of a marshaled army in full review. The adjacent hills were beautified with hamlets and villas, and upon their imperial brows were proudly displaying their cedar chaplets, while upon their no le breasts appeared the green robes that mountain sovereigns wear.

One more "zephyr"-and it comes from the environs

of Palermo: Proceeding into the Interior, about four miles from Proceeding into the Interior, about four miles from this kingly mansion is the town of Monreale, most charmingly situated upon the brow of almountain. The avenue by which it is approached is embellished with costly fountains magnificent edities, and noble tress. The grand appearance of the scenery overwhelmed me with admiration; as we ascended, every advance nightened the beauty of the prospect. The road bloomed with flowers, and the sirs were so fragrant, that I fancied that the tweetest zephyrs of immortality had wandered from Elysian realms and breathed upon the plains. Upon arriving at the elevated hights of Monresle, I paused to review the valley and the scenery of Palermo; as my eye surveyed her green meadows, her lovely villar, opulent palaces, golden groves, emerald hills, and romentic bay, I despaired of language to delineate the spectacle, and cazing heavenward, wished for the golden dialect of the skies to do it homage. Earaptured as I was with the beautiful im gery of Nature, appearing as she do it combine and display all the terrestrial giory at her command, inspiration assured me that there as one did to combine and display all the terrestrial glory at her command, inspiration assured me that there was a clime beyond the sates, fairer and loveller than all the sublunary magnificence which I beheld, and a voice, milder than Favonian winds, whispered that vir-tue and religion were the only passports to its sublime inheritance.

We do not regard it as a waste of time to ventilate the pretensions even of a work like this. Almost all our countrymen, at least once in their lives, indulge in a visit to Europe. A journal of their travels is cortainly a harmless pastime. It often amuses a circle of too kind friends. The vanity of authorship easily seduces the writer into publication. Here our quarrel with him commences. If he could palm of upon a facile public the lucubrations which have no claims to notice beyond the smoke of his own chinney, we should be deluged with these loquacious diaries. We must clear the road for those who have a right to speak.

THE NORTH-BRITISH REVIEW," for May, commences a new volume, and persons proposing to subscribe cannot have a better opportunity. the first article on "British Statesmanship," we have a sharp characterization of the leading English politicians Disraeli is treated in a manner far from complimentary "He is felt by all parties to be a mere adventurer-a man without fixed principles or deliberate and sincere public aims—a man to whom political life is a ga to be played (as respectably as may be) for his own ad vancement. He is universally admitted to be destitute of the statesmanlike capacity, the statesmanlike knowl edge, and the statesmanlike sobriety and solidity of mind and morals. He belongs not to the bees, but to the wasps and the butterflies of public life. He can sting and sparkle, but he cannot work."-Apropos of George Combe, who is defended against the charge of infidelity, the whole subject of "Phrenology" is brought upon th carpet, and submitted to a more rational examination than it often receives from friend or foe,-The highly original work of James John Garth Wilkinson on the "Ha man Body and its Connexion with Man" is the subject of a discriminating article. It closes with the following just description of one of the most remarkable scientific treatises of the day.

It will complete this attempt of ours at the clear-ob-scure, to give it to be understood, further, that the book is sprinkled all over with observations and thoughts which are as true and important as they are original; that tectothism and vegetarianism are discussed with so much quiet wisdom as to make one feel that one might safely follow the author anywhere; that the san-tary question is treated with a breadth and cenetration as tary question is treated with a breadth and penetration as instructive as they are rare; and that the whole subject instructive as they are rare; and that the whole subject of healing is expounded here in its manifold principles by the most catholic doctor of the day. Mr. Wilkinson is a homeopathist, a hydropathist, a kinesipathist, an anthropopathist, a phrenopathist, a pistopathist, and also a plain believer in the christopathy of the early Christian church! To sum all, there is hardly a subject within the reach of human interest which is not touched: if not directly, then indirectly—if not in exposition, then in figure, and by allusion, ii not explicitly. It is at once the most multitudinous and the most orderly of modern treatises, professing to be works of science; andit must be repeated that it is written in a style so luminous and d that it is written in a style so luminous and be repeated that it is written in a style so luminous and rich, as to accredit its peniman the poet of the human body, if he is not yet the philosopher predestined to un-lock its more interior secrets. Even if any or all of his new propositions should eventually turn out to be true, Mr. Wilkinson will be remembered by posterity as a seer, not as a man of science; for the philosopher not only finds the truth, but knows how he found it, while highly inventive, having a keen eye for analogtes, those highly inventive, having a keen eye for analogies, those clews of science, most orderly, enamored of simplicity, as candid as exp. patient and sagacious, possessed of a solid understanding, and also owning a fund of common sense, our author might well become the nigh-priest of the doctrines of life and humanity, if he would but take the vow of self-denial on his teeming head, and dedicate himself to some thirty or fifty years of such painful conference with the reality of things as has been endured before him by Copernicus, by Cuvier, by Dalton, by Humbolbt, and by all the master-spirits of this ongoing age of positive and indefeasible science.

"Village Life in England," "Romanism and English Civilization." "King Alfred." "Dr. Chalmers."

Civilization," "King Alfred," "Dr. Chalmers," are smong the other subjects discussed in this number. (L.

"The Hypropathic Encyclope-DIA," by R. T. TRALL, M.D. This comprehensive manual of the principles of hygiene, which we have favorably noticed on a former occasion, is completed by the publication of the second volume. The whole work, in the present form, will be found not only interesting to professional readers, but useful to all persons who desire to preserve a sound physical system without the aid of noxious drugs. In this volume, the general theory and practice of Water Cure are explained in a few nstructive chapters, while its application to the various classes of disease is set forth in ample detail. The fidelity and discrimination of the editor are exhibited on every page. He has condensed a great mass of valuaformation into the briefest compass. His language is simple and intelligible—he does not frighten the unsuned reader by a parade of hard names—his object is evidently to impart knowledge, not to show off himselfand in the description of the symptoms of disease, and the means by which it may be avoided or cured, he has certainly been in the highest degree successful. The

suggestions, with which the work abounds, in regard to the diet and regimen necessary to the preservation of health, cannot fail to be of service to the reader, whatever may be his views concerning hydropathy as a system. We are glad to witness such judicious efforts to popularize a knowledge of the laws to which the human constitution is subject. It is in this way, that the prevailing want of vigorous health which is said by for eigners to characterize our countrymen is to be remedied. A work like the one before us is worth all the quinine, blue-pill, and cod liver oil between Newfoundland and New-Mexico. Its main doctrine is that health depends on temperance, not tonics; and that pure spring water is a more healing medicine, than all the bitte doses of the shops. (Fowlers & Wells.)

" MEYER'S UNIVERSUM," edited by

EW-YORK DANK TRIBUNE, SHITERDA

CHARLES A. DANA. No. 1. This is an American edit greatly improved and enlarged, of a popular encyclo pedial German work, containing views of the most remarkable places and objects of all countries, in steel engravings, with descriptive and historical text, by em. isent writers in Europe and America. The original work sustains a high reputation in Germany, and is circulated more widely than any periodical ever published in that country. Its position in literature, may be compared to that of Sattler's Cosmoramus in painting, supplying, in some sense, the want of foreign travel. The farnous old cities, cathedrals, palaces, castles, legislative halls, and natural scenes in every part of the world are represented by admirable engravings, while the letterress descriptions are not merely a dry detail of facts, but eloquent essays on the historical and political assolations, suggested by the objects under consideration The present edition preserves the main features of the original, but introduces such improvements as adapt it to the requirements of the American public. Arrangements have been made to present a complete collection of views from all parts of the Western Continent. Distinguished artists have been engaged for over a year in visiting the most romantic regions of the United States, Canada, and Central America, whose sketches from nature will in due time be published, illustrated by descrip tive articles from the pens of popular American writers The number now issued contains views, among others of Niagara Falls, and the Tower of London. Judging from its general appearance, we think the work will commend itself to the popular taste in this country and find an extensive circulation. (Hermann J. Meyer.)

"COBE'S SPEAKER." by LYMAN Conn. (12mo, pp. 576, J. C. Riker.) This is a new collection of exercises in elecution by the well-known author of various successful works in different branches of elementary education. It consists of extracts from the best American and English writers both in prose and poetry, many of which are now used for the first time in a manual of elecution. Among our native authors of whose productions specimens are here given we find Irving, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Channing, Longfeliow, Webster, Emerson, and others, although few selections are furnished from our most eminent Congressional orators. The pieces are uniformly of a correct moral tone and adapted to cultivate and refine the taste. The volume opens with a treatise on the principles of elocution, with numerous examples for practice. We think that this work will be found a con venlent text book by practical teachers, especially those who incline to drill their pupils in reading rather than in declamation. The same publisher has also issued new editions of Cobb's series of "Readers," which are held in such universal esteem by instructors, that any commendation of them would be superfluous

THE NEW-YORK QUARTERLY RE VIEW." No. II. Edited by A. G. Remington. We have received another number of this new periodical, which shows considerable improvement on the first issue, but is still destitute of the features essential to a high place among its quarterly competitors. The most interesting article is a chapter of personal reminiscences of Fentmore Cooper, by Prof. Greene, written with true feeling and great beauty. We have also the lecture by the same gentleman delivered before the Mercantile Library Association on "The Hopes of the Liberal Cause of Europe." An essay on "American Art" maintains the importance of a national, democratic school of Artin this untry, free from a servile loyalty to foreign masters It is positive and dogmatic in its tone, and inter persed with various trenchant criticisms. The translations of Goethe's Aphorisms are continued. There are several other articles of less importance, but, in general, they are without sufficient point or strength to make a deep impression. (Cornisb, Lamport & Co.)

"PUTNAM'S LIBRARY FOR THE PEO-PLE." This popular series neatly put up in uniform anding is well deserving of a place in school and social libraries, as well as in private collections. It contains OLMSTEAD'S graphic sketches of English travel, entitled "WALKS AND TALKS OF AN AMERICAN FARMER," IDA PFEIFFER'S "JOURNEY TO ICELAND," translated by Miss COOPER, DICKENS'S "HOME AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY and "THE WORLD HERE AND THERE" from " Household Words," Hood's "WHIMSICALITIES" AND "UP THE RHINE," "CLARET AND OLIVES," by REACH, and a charming " BOOK FOR A CORNER" by LEIGH HUNT. Of most of these volumes, we have spoken favorably at the time of their appearance, and we do not "cotton" to them any less, now that we see them in a collection.

The neatness of their exterior, as well as the interest of their contents, gives them a high place among the favor. ite serials of the day. (Geo. P. Putnam.)

"THE LOST SENSES. DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS." By JOHN KITTO.—This remarkable volume gives a description of the personal experience of the author, as connected with the total deprivation of hearing, which sense was destroyed by accident soon after he had completed the twelfth year of his age. It relates a variety of curious facts, illustrating the condition of total deafners, and also of the mental operations in the use of external signs for the communication of thought. As an appendage to the main subject, the author treats of the loss of sight, and presents the history of several individuls who have successfully struggled with the difficulties arising from blindness. The numerous readers of "Bible Hilastrations" cannot fall to be deeply interested in this instructive chapter from the autobiography of the author. (12mo. pp. 379. R. Carter

WOODBURY'S NEUE METHODE ZUR ERLEBNUNG DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE," (Method for Germans to learn English.) This is an excellent man ual for the study of the English language, and may be unhesitatingly recommended to Germans who wish to acquire that language without the aid of a master. It is on the same plan as Woodbury's German Grammar, the merits of which are recognized by every student of German who has had occasion to make use of it. Proceeding from the simplest elements of the languages to the most difficult combinations, it unfolds the whole subject in a manner which cannot full to be understood by Whoever makes a thorough the intelligent learner. study of this volume, will have mastered the chief difficulties in the way of a foreigner to the acquisition of our language. (12mo. pp. 317. G. & E. Westermann.)

"THE FOSSIL FOOT-MARKS IN THE RED SANDSTONE OF POTTSVILLE," by ISAAC LEA. A paper reprinted from the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, illustrated by engravings .- "The FOSSIL SAUBIAN," by the same author, is a memoir on the new red sandstone formation of Pennsylvania, with an account of the new fossil molluses, in the Wilkesbarre Coal Formation .- " A SYNOPSIS OF THE FAMILY or NAIADES," by the same author is issued in a new edition, greatly enlarged with double the quantity of patter of the former one.-" OBSERVATIONS ON THE GENES UEIO," by the same author, is reprinted from the Philosophical Transactions,-These works are issued in a style of great elegance from the Philadelphia press-Of their scientific merits we are not qualified to speak, but they will doubtless attract the attention of amateurs.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES." We rejoice that this valuable periodical has escaped the unclean hands of Louis Napoleon. It is one of the most able literary journals, we need not say, that are published on the Continent. The number for April 15 lives some racy comments on Hawthorn, Poe, and other American writers. It has an agency in New-York at Bailliere's, 290 Broadway. We have no doubt this fact will greatly increase the number of its readers in this

"THE KNICKERBOCKER," for Jane. has a pleasant variety of reading for idle summer days. The poetical contributions are excellent, among which we notice a quaint ballad of the olden time on "Bunker Hill." This whole number, including the "Editor's Table " sparkling in its perennial vivacity, diffuses a sense of refreshment superior to the aroma of the coolcat " Grape Leaf."

GLIMPSES AND GATHERINGS DUR-ING A VOYAGE AND VISIT TO LONDON," by WILLIAM A DREW. (12mo. pp. 404. Boston; Abel Tompkins.) The principal topic of interest in this volume is the Crystal Palace. The author describes his impressions with uneffected frankness, and the results of his observation are well worth reading. He sees for himself and

A beautiful set of 16 inch globes have just been brought out by Messrs. E. & G. W. BLUNT, No. 175 Water-st. They are of Copley's design, containing the letest discoveries in Geography and Astronomy, and are finished and mounted in a very excellent manner. They well deserve the attention of institutions of learning, as well as of private purchasers. "FULLER'S COMPUTING TELE-

GRAPH" is the name of a mathematical contrivance intended to facilitate the usual calculations occurring in business. It appears to be an ingenious invention, and is favorably spoken of by those who have examined its practical operation. The First Part of the Second Volume of the "WAVERLY Novels," in the beautiful edition of

Lippencott, Grambo & Co., contains "The Antiquary."

This is an admirable edition in all respects and will be ea-

gerly sought for by American book buyers. " BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE," for May, presents an attractive table of contents. Among the subjects are "Gold," "Life of Niebuhr," "Tnomas Moore," "The Vineyards of Bordeaux." A readable number quite. (L. Scott & Co.)

Books of the Week. Zephyra from Italy and Saciety. By William M. Gould. 12 mo. pp. 236. D. Appleton & Co. Colb's Speaker. By Lyman Cobb. 12 mo. pp. 576. J. C. Riker. Addresses and Speeches. By Robert C. Winthrop. 8 vo. pp. 173. Boston. Little, Rivern & Co. Sool by C. S. Francis. Common. Ety Alexander Ven Humbolt. Translated by R. C. Ottes. By Alexander Ven Humbolt. Translated by R. C. Ottes. Life and Works of Robert Borns. Vol. 11. 12 mo. pp. 331. The Samuel. Woodbury's Method for Gormans to Learn English. By W. H. Woodbury's 8 Vol. pp. 117. G. & R. Westerman. The Flements of Geology. By Justin R. Looms, time, pp. 198, Boshut, Gould & Lincoln, 80d by L. Color. The Young Man's Frend. Ry John Angell James, 17mo., pp. 354. Auson D. F. Raindubh. Asson D. F. Randolph.
The Riches that firing no Sorrow. Re Rev. Erskins Nesle. 10net.
pp. Col. Phil. H. Hocker. Sold by C. Shepard & Ca.
Papers from the Quarterly Review. 12noc.pp. 307. D. Assiston

& Ca. a, or Notes of a Recent Ramble through Fineland, France, &c. By Daniel C. Edry. 8vo. pp. 304. Lowell: A. L. A Charge of Plagiarism. PHILADELPHIA, Friday, June 4, 1852.

To the Editors of The N. Y. Tribune: GENTLEMEN: A book called "The Romance of the Revolution" published in your City by Bunce & Brother, takes bodlly, from my " Washing and his Generals," a Sermon and a Prayer, purporting to have been delivered on the eve of the battle o Brandywine. (See Washington and his Generals, p. 312.) Since Mr. Headley appropriated my description of the Battle of Saratoga, I have seen a New-York chool-book, made up in great part, (of course without credit,) from that portion of "Washington and his Generals" which relates to Arnold. And Mr. Lossing, in his Field Book of the Revolution, does me the honor to his Field Book of the Revolution, does me the honor to use a certain incident, in regard to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which he would in no other book than "Washington and his Generals," aforesaid. I take this method of giving the above more parties, who have appropriated portions of my works, a full privilege to appropriate them bodily and put their names to the title page of every book of mine, that strikes their fancy. There is no use of doing the thing half way.

Yours, &c., George Liepand.

The above charges strike us as very serious. Plagiarism in any case is bad; but plagiarism from Mr. Lippard evinces not only knavery but bad taste.

THE MONUMENT TO MOORE .- A subscriber, who thinks no republican, Irishman or Amercap, ought to give anything toward building a monument to the poet Moore, desires us to copy the following lines from Moore's letter from Washington to Tuomas Hume, in evidence that Moore deserved no such honor as Americans are now requested to pay to his memory

"The Evening now,—
The weary Statesman for repose high fled,
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where, blest, he work some black Aspasia's grace,
And drawns of freedom in his slave's embrace!

Oh, doubly worse :— Did Heaven design this lordly land to nurse The motley deeps of every distant clime, Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime, Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere In full malignity to rankle here! Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight fi On yonder dome—and in those princely halfs, If thou cant hate, as, ob! that soul must hate, Which loves the virtuous and feveres the Great.

Which loves the virtuous and feveres the Great.

If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast, One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest, With honest scorn for that inglorious soul, Which course the rabble's smile, the rabble's control, Which courts the rabble's experience of the standard of the rest of the rabble should have a like Expt. every beast its God—There—in those halls—but burning tongue forbest! Rank must be reverenced, etc. the rank that's there. So here I pame: And now, my Hume, we part; But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart, Thus let us meet and mingle converse dear, By Thames at home, or by Potomac here. O'er lake and marsh, thro' levers and thro' togs, 'Midst bours and Yankees, Hemocrats and frost. Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes With me shall wooder, and with me depise! While I as oft, in witching thought shall rove To thee, to triendship, and that land I love, Where, like the air that fans her fields of green, Her freedom spreads, unlevered and serene; Where sovereign man can condescend to see the Throne and Is we more sovereign still than he work, having compiled with our correspondent's

-Now, having complied with our correspondent's request, we may be allowed to say that we do not think he touches the essence of the question at all. It is not proposed to build a monument to Moore on account of his politics, his religion, or his morals, but because he was a poet of brilliant genius, and along with some things that deserve forgetfulness, wrote many which literature cannot surpass. And we see no reason why one who admires the poet should refrain from contributing to his monument because he condemns this or that point in his opinions or his writings.

ROBERT OWEN'S BIRTH DAY .- The

ROBERT OWEN'S BIRTH-DAY. — The principal disciples and followers of Mr. Owen, with that warmth of personal esteem and genuine affection which characterize them, singly and unitedly, kept his sidd birth-day, on the 14th inst, not only in London, but at Manchester and elsewhere.

Mr. Owen's ardor and industry, his hopefulness and courage, are unabated. In two addresses—now beford its—ore of great length, delivered by him to the Rational Society, in John-st.; and another, penned by him and forwarded to solictious adherents at Manchester, we see those signs of confidence, and even of enthusiasm, which he has always displayed. It is true they reiterate the same ideas, prescribe the same remedies and contain the sume mild complaints of being misunderstood. But the persevering spirit of the brave and steadfast old man is still apparent in them, and in no respect do they differ from similar addresses printed by us sgain and grain.

With cheerfulness he writes of his health "at his time of life;" with cheerfulness he speaks of "the enjoyment of

life;" with cheerfulness he speaks of "the enjoyment of those faculties" which enable him still to work daily in the cause of his life; with cheerfulness he reviews the past, surveys the present, and contemplates the To-come.— My principles, he says, "are good for life and for death; My principles, he says, and it is with unfeigned cheerfulness that we, too, hope that the eighty-third birth day of Robert Owen may duly come round, and find him as hale and hearty as ever come round, and find him as note and governor out of his "or watching the practical idea now growing out of his "or [London Leader.

Mourning.—" Black is the sign of mourning." says Rabelais, "because it is the color of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite of white, which is the color of light, of joy and of happiness." The early poets asserted that souls, after death, went into a dark and gloomy empire. Probably it is in consonance with this idea that they imagined black was the most congenial color for mourning. The Chinese and the Samese choose white, conceiving that the dead become beneficent genii. In Turkey, mourning is composed of blue or violet: in Ethiopia, of gray; and at the time of the invasion of Perue by the Spaniards, the inhabitants of that country wore it of at the time of the invasion of Ferne by the Span-iards, the inhabitants of that country wore it of mouse color. Among the Japanese, white is the sign of mourning, and black of rejoicing. In Cas-tile, mourning vestments were formerly of white serge. The Persians clothed in brown, and they whole family, and all their animals, were shaved. In Lycia, the men were female habiliments during the whole time of their mourning.

DAISIES ... For The Tribune FAIR and peaceful daisies, Smiling in the grass; Who hath sung your praises ? Poets by you pass,

And I, alone, am left to celebrate your mass, In the summer morning Through the fields ye shine, Joyfully adorning Earth with smiles divine, [mine, And your from sunny hearts fresh gladness into

Lying in the meadows, Like the milky way; From nocturnal shadows Glad to fall away, And live a happy life in the wide light of day.

Bees about you humming, Pile their yellow store; Winds in whispers coming, Teach you love's sweet lore, For your reluctant lips still worshiping the more Birds with music laden,

Shower their songs on you;

And the rustic maiden, Standing in the dew, By your alternate leaves tells if her love be true. Little stars of glory,

From your amber eyes No inconstant story Of her love should rise, And yet "He loves me not!" is oft the sad surprise, Crewds of milk-white blossoms, Noon's concentred beams

Glowing in your bosoms; So, by living streams [gleams. In heaven, I think the light of flowers immortal When your date is over, Peacefully ve fade. With the fragrant clover, And sweet grasses laid

In odors for a pall, beneath the orchard shade. Happy, happy daisies! Would I were like you-Pure from human praises, Fresh with early dew, ftrue. And ever in my heart to heaven's clear sunshing A. W. M.

TO THOMAS FRANCIS O'MEAGHER.

HAIL, fearless Tribune of an ancient race, Hall, living Martyr of a secred cause ! Unchained, unscathed, thou standest face to face Triumphant over death and tyrant laws! A world your forum, and a nation now Stands 'neath the shado w of th' impartal wreath That age shall bourgeon greenly on your brow; To see, to hear, to learn with bated breath Whether their hopes shall bloom again, or wither in

Cast not upon that hope a death-eclipse, The beacon-light of many a bloody sea, Nor shadow by the fiat of your lips Hearts sorely wrung, yet panting to be free; But rather with a bero's trusty hand, A prophet voice, a tongue of living fire, Pour forth a soul into our withering land, And tell her drooping sons again aspire,-That Freedom, though fallen, at each rebound yet mounts the higher.

inglorious death.

Our Cause, immortal as the verdant bills Which first unto your soul its vision spoke, And pure as are the sun-lit, crystal rills, Which to your heart the songs of Freedom woke-The mountains speak in thunder tones to Heaven, And pour their freshining streams in ceaseless flow-So you, to whom the thunder voice is given. Should tell to earth and Heaven our living woe,

And pour a living tide upon the thirsting hearts below.

IV. The world has changed-our hopes remain unchanged-Since last you stood before the list'aing world; Nor from the path of Right are we estranged, But on our flags, though still in sadness furled, And though sojourning in this friendly clime, Far from the shadow of Britannia's throne, Yet high, unstained by cowardice or crime, That flag shall greet the world, the pride of aftertime

And Truth is Freedom's voice,-the sword her pen, -The stainless pages where she loves to write Her lessons, are the hearts of fearless men; Her standard, Tolerance ;- when these unite, They form in Heaven's eye a "Sacred Band," Such as upheld the cause of conquering Greece .-Her robes the trophics of a rescued land, Her haunts the homes won by a glorious peace Her first-born wear her crowns, - their fame shall never cease.

Be these your aim,-be wiedom's, caution's voice For ever on your lips, and in your ears, Nor bid your country's heart in vain rejoice While the earth's moistened with her exile's tears. Be native truth and native strength your hope, And guard with jealous care the sacred trust And pitying Heaven a certain path will ope, A path as glorious as the cause is just, That yet shall lead a rescued race as pilgrims to their conq'rora' sacred dust.

The Maine Law in Connecticut.

New-Haven, Conn., Tzursday, June 10, 1862. FRIEND GREELEY: The Maine Law, or a substitue for it, has been reported to-day in the Legislature of this State, a thousand copies of which were ordered to be printed, and Wednesday next was assigned for its consideration. To accommodate the feelings of the large orchardists of certain sections of the State, the manufacture of Cider, and its sale by the manufacturer in quantities not less than five gallons, are allowed. Simultaneously with this act, an important

movement was being made in the same direction by an influential body in another part of the city. The Connecticut Baptist State Convention, holding its twenty-ninth annual meeting, with the First Baptist Church, unanimously passed resolutions in favor of a prohibitory law like that of Maine, and pledging their efforts and influence to secure its enactment.

This Convention is composed of Delegates from a little less than one hundred and twenty Churches, each Church being entitled to only two Delegates, Benevolent Societies connected with the Churches are each entitled to a Delegate. The Convention is, therefore, generally composed of a few more Laymen than Ministers. Now from all these Delegates, except two, not the alightest objection was made to the resolutions, and those two gentlemen objected on the ground that the subject was not within the proper jurisdiction of the Convention. Here is a fair expression of the sendments of the moral and virtuous part of community Will not the Legislature of this State heed it? More over, it is believed by the writer that a large majority MOURNING .- " Black is the sign of of the Baptist Caurches in the State are Democratic in politics—a fact that should make the recent express of their opinion on the Maine Law respected by the majority in the Legislature. And further, the Connecticut Baptist Convention has warned all party politicians, in one of the resolutions, that they are not to be turned aside by any maneuvering of theirs. A is these thing put together mean that if the Legislature, at its present session, will not give us a law on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors equivalent in its provisions to the Maine Law, then the members of the Convention laying uside all other questions, will exert themselves a the next election of a Legislature to return such meass will do it. Respectfully, &c., Tarmsutt.

Two men were whipped, rode on a rait and then duck d, opposite St. Louis, two or three days ago, for grossly insulting some ladies.